

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: The Spark Plug

Creators: Batterson, J. E.

Issue Date: May-1933

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 16, no. 6 (May, 1933), 7, 21.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35025>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 16, no. 6 \(May, 1933\)](#)

The Spark Plug

By J. E. Batterson, M. E.-3

Hello everybody! Here we are once again after an absence of several months and here's the reason why; we received a letter from a person who had read this column and the shock was so great that we are just now recovering. The letter is as follows

Dear Editor:

A poem "THE SONG OF THE ENGINEER" by "Chief" Younger, of Scotch story fame, appearing in your Nov.-Dec., 1932 issue reminded me of another poem copied from a publication sometime ago. I failed to record the name of the poet so that the verses are anonymous. Perhaps since this poem is not entered in the competition promoted by the "Chief," the phraseology, although not perfect, will win the approval of Miss Harbarger.

The poem follows, you may use it or not as you see fit.

THE CIVIL ENGINEER

He's a chap in spotless khaki
He's a chap in corduroys
He's a chap with trousers damaged in the rear.
He's a man of fashions stamp
(also a rag-a-muffin tramp)
And he's known from York to Frisco
As the Civil Engineer.

His morals may be shady
And his language somewhat rough
He may have a vulgar hankering after beer
But that's just a sort of shell
He will stick with you through H——I
Like a pretty decent fellow
Like a Civil Engineer.

Respectfully yours,
Elmer K. Timby, B.C.E., '28,
68 Wiggins Street,
Princeton, N. J.

The following article, reprinted from Power Plant Engineering, came to our attention a short time ago and, feeling sure that you would like to read it, we put it in.

THE ENGINEER—A PARABLE

One day three men, a Lawyer, a Doctor and Engineer, appeared before St. Peter as he stood guarding the Pearly Gates.

The first man to step forward was the Lawyer. With confidence and assurance, he proceeded to deliver an eloquent address which left St. Peter dazed and bewildered. Before the venerable Saint could recover, the Lawyer quickly handed him a writ of mandamus, pushed him aside, and strode through the open Portals.

Next came the Doctor. With impressive, dignified bearing, he introduced himself: "I am Dr. Brown." St. Peter received him cordially. "I feel I know you, Dr. Brown. Many who preceded you said you sent them here. Welcome to our City!"

The Engineer, modest and diffident, had been standing in the background. He now stepped forward. "I am looking for a job," he said. St. Peter wearily shook his head. "I am sorry," he replied; "we have no work here for you. If you want a job, you can go to Hell." This response sounded familiar to the Engineer, and made him feel more at home. "Very well," he said; "I have had Hell all my life and I guess I can stand it better than the others." St. Peter was puzzled. "Look here, young man, what are you?" "I am an engineer," was the reply. "Oh yes," said St. Peter; "Do you belong to the Locomotive Brotherhood?" "No, I am sorry," the Engineer responded apologetically; "I am a different kind of Engineer." "I do not understand," said St. Peter; "what on Earth do you do?" The Engineer recalled a definition and calmly replied: "I apply mathematical principles to the control of natural forces." This sounded meaningless to St. Peter and his temper got the best of him. "Young man," he said; "you can go to Hell with your mathematical principles and try your hand on some of the natural forces there!" "That suits me," responded the Engineer; "I am always glad to go where there is a tough job to tackle." Whereupon he departed for the Nether Regions.

And it came to pass that strange reports began to reach St. Peter. The Celestial denizens who had amused themselves in the part by looking down upon the less fortunate creatures in the Inferno, commenced asking for transfers to that other domain. The sounds of agony and suffering were stilled. Many new arrivals, after seeing both places, selected the Nether Region for their permanent abode.

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THE SPARK PLUG

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Puzzled St. Peter sent messengers to visit Hell and to report back to him. They returned all excited and reported to St. Peter:

"That Engineer you sent down there," said the messengers, "has completely transformed the place so that you would not know it now. He has harnessed the Fiery Furnaces for light and power. He has cooled the entire place with artificial refrigeration. He has drained the Lakes of Brimstone and has filled the air with cool perfumed breezes. He has flung bridges across the Bottomless Abyss and has bored tunnels through the Obsidian Cliffs. He has created paved streets, gardens, parks and playgrounds, lakes, rivers, and beautiful waterfalls. That Engineer you sent down there has gone through Hell and has made of it a real place of happiness, peace and industry!"

Since this is the last issue of the year we take the opportunity to wish you all the best of luck during finals and that everyone of you will spend a busy and prosperous summer. So, so long until October.

Jimmie Ellykay: "The directions say to rub the surface down with steel wool. What the dickens is steel wool?"

Illieway Underwood: "I'm not sure, but I think it's the fleece of hydraulic rams."

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